

Morrissey, Mute Witness

Your poor witness
Crying so loudly on the floor
Oh, well, she's only trying to tell you
What it was that she saw
She is only trying to tell you
What it was that she saw

Now see her standing on the table
With her small arms flailing
And you feel such compassion
In your soul for
Your mute witness
Still testing the strength
Of our patience

Oh, well she's only trying to tell you
What it was that she saw
She is only trying to tell you
What it was that she saw

Now see her pointing to the frisbee
With a memory so fuzzy
And her silent words
Describing the sight of last night
4 A.M. Northside, Clapham Common
Oh, god, what was she doing there ?
Will she sketch the answer later ?
Well, I will ask her

"Now dry your tears, my dear"
Now see her mime in time so nicely
It would all have been so clear
If only she had never volunteered
"Your taxi is here, my dear"

La, la, la-la...